CANTERBVRIES AMAZEMENT:

OR

The Ghoſt of the yong fellow *Thomas Benſted*, who was Drawne, Hangd, and Quartered by the meanes of the Biſhop of CANTERBURIE; who appeared to him in the Tower, ſince the *Ieſuites* Execution.

With a Diſcourſe between the two Heads on *London* Bridge, the one being *Thomas Benſteeds*, the other the late *Ieſuites*.

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Canterburie.

THIS is the time that everie Creature hath his dull sences wrapt in silent sleep; the hardie labourer that toils all day, and wearies his irksome members with incessant labours this houre has a free dispensation from his paines, and easeth his wearied body with soundest sleep. The covetous and griping Usurer that is not capable of the least intermission, but esteems each minute an age, wherein he doth not imploy his working braine, labours with subtile inventions to augment the massie stock of his ill-got and unnecessarie treasure, at this minute enioyes his naturall rest. The craftie Politician, whose restlesse perectranion is continually full of divers imperfect and indigested crochets, quaint devices, and State projects, this mid-night hour Morpheus hath dandled his ober wearied sences into sound and senceless sleep, all creatures are husht into quiet rest: There is no noyse at all stirring in Citie or Countrie, not so much as the barking of dogges, or howling of wolves, yet I am so haunted with idle fancies and imaginarie conceits, that sleep these eight dayes hath beene to mee a meere stranger. One night I see many religious Ministers (whom for too much sedulitie and diligence in the execution of their ministeriall functions,

functions, and for their obstinacy to innovations, and their industrious care of the soules committed to their charge, I have not onely depriued them of their Benefices, sequestred their estates, and thereby vtterly vndone them, their poore wives and children, but made them vncapable of any Priestly function here in their Native Countrie; and they were thereby enforced to seek their liuelyhood in remote and forraigne places, though they were ancient, or by any other way vnable to vndergoe Trauaile, offering the incense of their prayers against me: another night me thinks I see my dire oppressions, presented in a hellish Maske, each act that I have done is laid before me in my sleep; among which I finde few good ones; yet why should I be transported with feare, for shadowes they have no substance and are caused by dull and melancholy fancies: a faint-hearted souldier that can slay, and then be touched with remorse of conscience for what he has done: Why should I be afraid to behold the apparitions of those things which I before delighted to enact? Auant them idle feare, seek thy abode in others breasts, I will not harbour thee in mine, and yet I must: Blesse me my better Genius! what doe I see! the formidable figure of a quartered man: my Resolution now playes the vnconstant woman; my whole body is a perpetuall palsie, my sences never were benumb'd till now, my rationall part of man begin to forsake my drooping soule; Courage, I never found defect of thee till now. Let me have strength enough to speake vnto this ayrie substance. What art thou that at this dead houre of the night, assaults my quiet chamber? speake what is thy businesse.

Bensteed. Why my Lord, is your grace senceless? know you not me? I am Drum-Major Bensteed, that with my gallant Myrmidons come thus in Armes the second time. Why doe you stand so like a Statue? Doe you trust to the iustice of your cause? Why doe not you take your Barge and waft your Grace to White-hall; there's the Sanctuarie you once fled to for aid.

Canter. 'Tis needlesse, I am safer here, and in a stronger house: and for that Bensteed thou nameſt, he is secure enough; I fixt his head on London bridge, there he keeps watch; the Scots cannot come in, but he must descrie them.

Bensteed. O my Lord, but Bensteed has a fellow watchman that does now supply my place, one of your Graces friends now beares me company: this is his first night: he's a verie learned grave man: your Grace I am confident knowes him.

Canter. What was his name, and for what offence does he beare thee companie?

Benstead. A Jesuite, my Lord, his name is Ward, Walker, Waller, Slater, or any of them.

Canter. A Jesuite? and so many names? I wonder that I never heard of him. O how negligent were my High Commission Officers, that could not hunt out that piece of Superstition?

Benst. I protest my Lord, your Grace dissembles admirably: as if a Jesuite could not live in peace for your Officers: alas, my Lord, they were better imployed, in seeking out men that repeated Sermons together, and could have better Compositions of them than of Jesuites, they were rather privileged than punished.

Canter. But speak if thou be that Benstead, what is thy business here? wherefore dost thou thus haunt me in this fearefull shape?

Benst. My Lord, I come to know wherefore I was made such an example, and to dispute the cause, I was so unjustly put to death?

Canter. Because thou wast found guiltie of Treason, and therefore according to the Lawes of England, ought to bee hang'd, drawne, and quartered.

Benst. Oh my Lord, the Lawes of England never made Riots Treason: and I had no hand my Lord, in breaking open the White Lion prison: the greatest matter I did my Lord was, I attempted to break open your fortified Gates with a Broom-stick, which was a thing altogether impossible; which had I done my Lord, it had beene at the worst but Felonie or Burglarie, and not Treason, but I was poore, and one fit to suffer; I had no gratuities to bestow on your Grace, I had no Buts of Sack for your Cellar, nor Beaver hat, perfumed Gloves, or plush Cloak for your Gentlemen: If I had as good store of Peeces my Lord, to have presented Petitions to your Grace withall, I might then perchance have had them subscribed with a We referre this Petition, with a private note in the Margent; but wanting these, I ought to dye, though for no other crime.

Canter. Why simple fellow, dost thou know what belongeth to the English Lawes better than those grave Judges who sate on the Bench at thy tryall, that thou makest these bold distinctions? and dost thou challenge them of injustice? they had a hand in the businesse as well as my self.

Benst. I dare not taxe the Judges, let those that have sued in forma pauperis do that; for it may be your politick Lordship informed them more than what was truth, or it may be they took your Grace rather for a Pope than a subiect, and so it became Treason; but if otherwise, let them be assured my cause will have a revenge: And for your selfe, who all the Kingdome knowes is guiltie of this, and many more greater Offences,

rest

rest confident that my recompence will not bee verie easie.

Cant. But good Mr. Bensteeds Ghost, let me know the cause, why you accompanied with your fellow Rebells, sought my life more than any mans else? I am utterly ignorant of any crime whereof I was guiltie to incense any man against me.

Benst. So you are ignorant of sowing discord between the Scots and us: How many truely affected subiects lost their lives, more precious than your owne in that skirmish? and how many should have lost their lives, had your projects taken their full effect? Moreover I believe you are ignorant, that when a Parliament was begun, and every poore man that had beene uniustly wrong'd, might without the giving of gratuities have had his iniuries righted, who was the chiefe cause of its dissolution? all this you are pleased to forget, but assure your selfe it will bee remembred. You have forgot too I believe bestowing Benefices on non Residents, that would preach once a moneth, and keep Curats who would read long service, tickle them up with Homilies, and alwayes conclude within the time, and never preach in the afternoone, but spend that time in mirth and good fellowship amongst their neighbours, in the Ale-house, or at Bowles, according to your book which tollerated Sundayes Pastimes. Nor you doe not remember, that you would have had the Kingdome governed by the Civill Law onely: then your High Commission would have beene high enough indeed, so high as it is low now. You have forgot also the threatnings you bestowed upon the Iudges that opposed the Ship money. You have forgot too the sounding of the new Canons, and the ex Officio Oath &c. You have forgot that you endeavoured to pull downe the French Church, which was erected for the French Protestants that fled hither for succour: had they been Papists, their Church might have stood long enough without your contradiction.

Cant. O gentle soule, I believe thou knowest all my faults, which are farre more than those thou hast put me in mind of: Let me intreat thee therefore, to leave me, that I may repaire to my devotion, and crave pardon from heaven for these and all the rest of my misdoings, and study to give the wronged world what satisfaction possible I may: Wrack not my wounded conscience with the remembrance of my horrid acts; if any pittie harbour within thee (wronged Spirit) let me be its obiect: I crave for pittie that before had none.

Benst. O my little good Lord, had you been composed of mercy and iustice, you would have mingled one with the other, and not let iustice take place, becomming so severe and cruell to prosecute the Law against me, as to send for the Iudges, and to compell them by menacing words at your house, to make it treason, when neither Act nor President could bee

found

found for the like; you might have censured me to have lost my eares, or have branded me in the forehead and cheeks, and so have banished me: but to take my life, and thus to mangle me, and let my blood be spilt upon the thirsty ground, which was as thirsty as your obdurate heart: but look which way you please, goe which way you can, I am still in your sight, here an arme and a leg West ward, there an arme and a leg East ward; this is inhumanity, and especially from you, and one of your Coat and function: the Law it selfe hath provided mercy for some delinquents; and you to have no compassion, which should plead for mercie! But it is noted, you never spared any, but prosecuted them to the heighth of your malice as you have done me poore man. Cant. I confesse, it was my onely act, & by my instigation; but I would thou hadst been executed in any other place, than at that which is my way to my Countrie Pallace at Croydon.

Benst. But why was I quartered, and thus in peece-meals set up at each gate, for birds and other ravenous foules to be made a prey unto, and to endure now a pluck, and then a tug from the hungrie Crowes as they flie

ober me, to make me ſtillerie out. O cruell Canterburie, remember I was a Chriſtian, and ſo dyed a penitent Chriſtian. Was my fact ſo haynous that nothing could pacifie your rage, that when my life was expired, my tozne and ſlaughtered carkaſſe muſt be hung between heaven and earth, as not wozthy of either: I ſpilt no blood in the mutinie, (as I have ſaid) but I have read that Church-men, and women, are ſtill moſt bloody minded, as the Martyrs are monuments of the cruelſie of bloody Bonner, & malicious Gardner; and now you cruell Laud and ſpightfull Wren, to each of you, and thoſe Judges of the Law which iudged me, I have given my quarters foz a memoziall.

Cant. Enough, all is true thou haſt ſaid concerning them; but foz thy particular, I was informed that thou werſt a Prentiſe of London, and ſent with divers others by your Maſters, to pull downe my Pallace, becauſe I confeſſe, I was ever an enemie to the Citizens and Citie foz divers reaſons, and therefoze did command this iuſtice to be done, foz others to take example by.

Benſt. Alas, I was a young man, and but nineteen yeares of age, and not of ripe years, but as full of ſazrow foz your cruelſie; foz had you ſuffered my body to have been buried, I might have been forgotten in a ſhozt ſpace, but to ſet my diſmembzed ioynts upon the gates of this ſtately Citie foz every one to gaze on, ſavourd not of that Chriſtianitie which you ſeem'd to pzofeſſe, unleſſe it were of that ſuperſtitious Religion, that practiſes onely blood, and builds them Altars with the bones of Martyrs. Cant. Ospeake no mozze, thou haſt penetrated my pzoud heart, and mollified my ſeared conſcience: what would I not give to redeeme thy life, if it were poſſible?

Benſt. Your wiſhes come to late, but let me thus adviſe you, pzocure by ſome meanes, that my parched limbs may be taken downe, that thoſe friends, kindzed, and countrie men, nay my pooze father, and mother, may not forſake their concourſe to London about their livelihood, and trade; foz ſometimes I am forgotten by them, when other matters of greater conſequence is in their heads: but when they come neare London bzidge, then is their griefe renewed with anxietie of mind, ready to ſtrike them dead when they ſee my head, as if I were ſet up on purpoſe to croſſe and perplexe them, oz to examine their pzivate buſineſſes, oz wherefoze they come, this is a double ſuffering; nay my Lozd, be not much affrighted, noz doe not ſhake and ſhiver too much: let not your Gentlemen which lie here at your beds feet in a Trundle bed bee diſturbed by your paſſion: but let me now admoniſh and tell you, that you muſt labour and ſtudy with all your might, as ever you did to raiſe your ſelfe to be a Biſhop, to repent foz your ſins, and not onely ſo, but labour to give ſatiſfaction foz the wzong you have done to ſeverall men: I could give you a catalogue of thoſe mens names which you have highly injured: but I will forbear, becauſe I know you cannot forget them, eſpecially having ſo good a memorie, & now no State affaires to trouble your Grace withall: and ſo farewell,

referring you not to an High Commissioner, but to your owne selfe, which if you doe really performe, you shall upon your submission be silent as a dead Duck, or an innocent Lamb. Cant. Prethee leave me.

Benst. Well, Ile leave thee, and yet still be with thee; for assure thy selfe, that when thou dost appeare before the Parliament, I will be also there, and be a torment, not a comfort, to thy afflicted conscience: with the eyes of thy imagination thou shalt behold my sever'd limbs, and then

Conceive what trembling in thy joynts shall dwell,
Blood is the reward of blood: Farewell.

A Discourse between the two Heads on *London* Bridge; the one *being* Bensteeds, *the other the late* Iesuites.

Bensteed. WHy D art thou, that dares come up without my consent, and stand thus cheek by iole with me?

Iesuite. my name is Slater, Ward, Waller, and Walker, a Jesuite I was by my profession, and have taken Orders in that Societie these 35. yeares and upwards, for which I was condemned, and am now come to be thy fellow watch-man, to overlook all. Benst. And why so many names dost thou beare? Iesuite. The better to conceale my selfe, and all my plots and intentions. Benst. Thou hast now as many quarters as before thou hadst names: but what plots hadst thou in thy head, when it was on thy shoulders?

Ies. I may now reveale them which are past, because I can invent no more: and the rather because I had a pardon from the Pope before I was executed: we had many agents about the late plot which was intended against the Citie of London, and the Tower, & those no mean ones: for had our plots tooke effect, I had been advanced to a more eminent place with my head on my shoulders, than now I am without it, had I been wise, and not too confident of my selfe and my disguise, I might have fled and bin as safe as the rest of the Conspirators. Benst. I perceive your fact was more hainous than mine, and therefore may justly claim place here better than I. Iesuite. Not better Mr. Bensteed, for you are the ancientest Stander of the two, and therefore may claime preheminence. Benst. Your conspiracie was against the state of our whole Kingdom, to ruine that: mine was onely against a particular man, the Bishop of Canterburie, a Subiect: yours of a higher consequence, and for which you suffer justly. Iesuite. That's true; but had he that power still as he had when thou wert condemned, I should not have thus suffered. But I am wearie with my late iourney, and have got a stuffing in my head, so that I am now ill at ease to relate the rest of my plots at this time; which I will forbeare till our next nights conference.

FINIS.